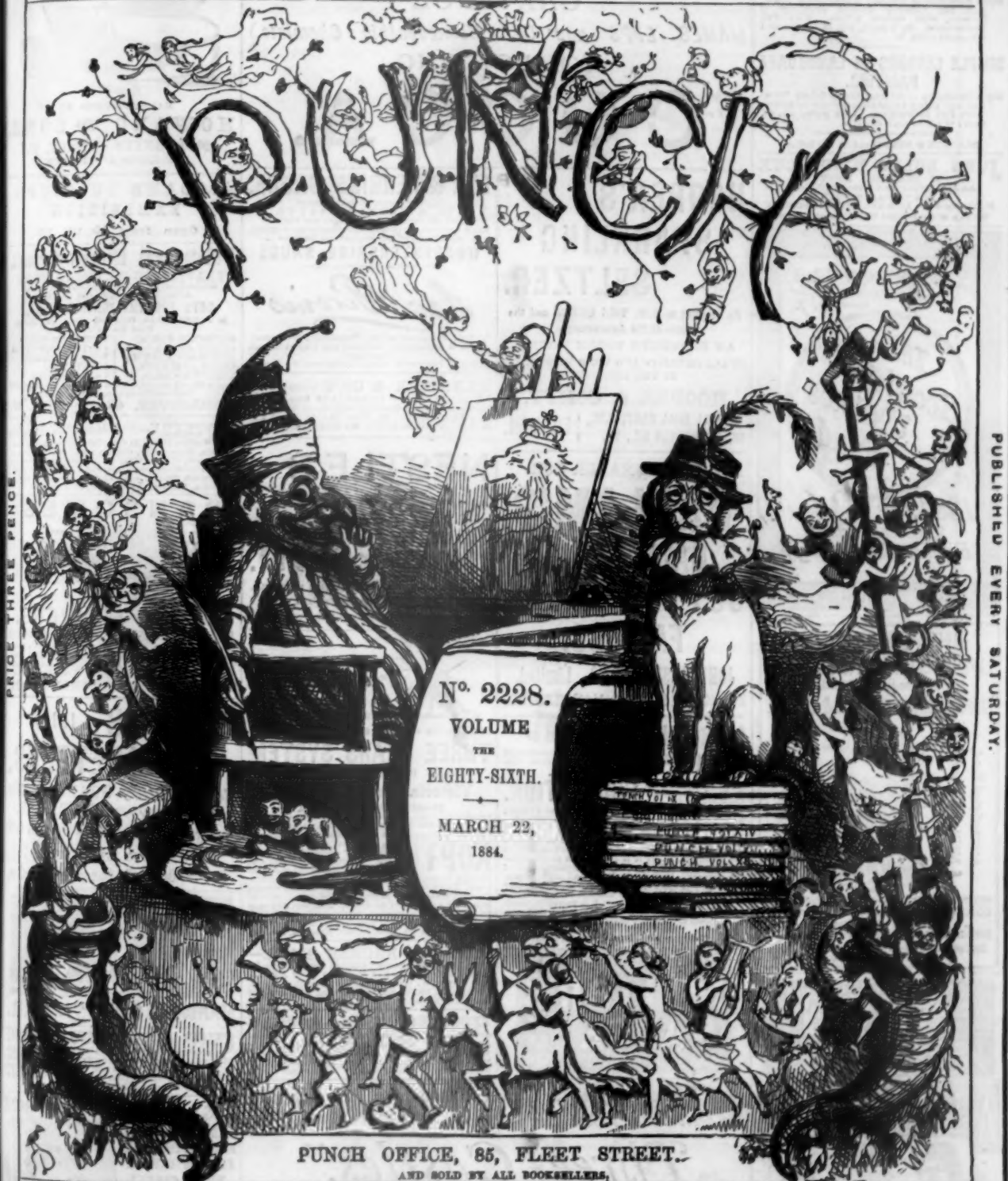


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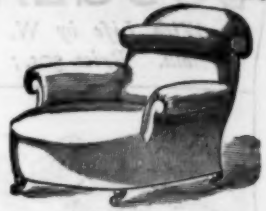
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## TRIFLES ABOUT RIFLES.

It will be noticed with considerable surprise, not to say indignation, that although there are to be Volunteer gatherings for the purposes of "instruction in tactics" at Aldershot, Portsmouth, and Chatham, the Metropolis, as a scene of operations, has been entirely neglected. To rectify this astounding omission, the following "General Idea" (suggested by a similar document relative to Portedown Heights) is furnished, with the request that it may be immediately adopted by the Authorities in Pall Mall.

## GENERAL IDEA.

A Western Force is marching from Hounslow, with a view to seizing the Chelsea Bunhouse, after burning the principal shop for the sale of Maids-of-honour at Richmond. The Commander of a Northern Force at Camden Town resolves to endeavour to intercept this movement.

Operations of Friday, April 11.—The Advanced Guard of the Northern Force having reached South Kensington by Brompton and Islington omnibuses the previous evening, arrives in the neighbourhood of Putney, covering

the roads leading to Barnes Common with empty beer-bottles.

Operations of Saturday, April 12.—The Advanced Guard of the Northern Force occupy the Westminster Aquarium during the Variety Entertainment. Then, leaving the "Club Dinner" on their right, they drive the ticket-clerk of the St. James's Park Station in under shelter of his pigeon-hole. Next they visit numerous taverns on the line of route. Having thus created a diversion, they invade Rochester Row, and pass the rest of the night and Sunday at the Police-Station. The Western Force, which, in like manner, had occupied a similar post at Kensington, are bailed out during the night.

Operations of Monday, April 14.—The Western Force endeavours to carry out its object by chartering a pleasure-van for Sunbury. The Members of the Kempton Park Club oppose this attack: by calling in the assistance of the Police. The Northern Force endeavours to prevent the junction.

General Instructions.—The Western Force is represented by Volunteers and other persons who happen to have nothing particularly to do at Easter. The Northern Force is represented by Volunteers and other persons who are similarly constituted to the members of the Western Force. The Tower of London is supposed to be non-existent. The Suspension Bridge at Battersea is supposed to be protected by a *tête-du-pont* which prevents it being destroyed by Artillery-fire. It is supposed that there is no half-price at the Globe Theatre. Charges for Infantry (except when in arms) will be made by all the Officials of the London General Omnibus Company. At the conclusion of the Manœuvres, the whole of the troops will take each other by surprise, by going to bed—quietly. *Vivat Regina!* No money returned.

## PITY THE POLICE!

[Mr. SHIEL, one of the Hammersmith Magistrates, has fined two Nursemaids for wheeling perambulators on the footpath.]

It's terribly hard upon Pleece-  
man X,  
And quite against his natur,  
A servant gal in the street to  
vex  
And "oop" her perambula-  
tor.



ELIZABETH WHITEHEAD my  
heart is wroth,  
For you and MATILDA  
BIGIN,

Constable X + "XX."

For Mr. SHIEL he has fined you both,  
Besides he gave you a "wigglin."

The shilling apiece was paid of course,  
A horrible law revealing,  
But think of the member of the Force  
Who took you, and his feeling!

And where, I ask, are the kids to go?  
If Mr. SHIEL is willing,—  
Why into the roadway; yes, just so,  
Like lambs all ready for killing.

The omnibus and the brewer's dray,  
And rollicking hansom cabbies,  
Will most assuredly maim and slay,  
Each hour, some precious babbies.

So change the law, for as I'm a man  
With views and I'm proud to state 'em,  
I'll never meddle with MARY ANN,  
And that's my ultipomatum.

## A REASONABLE EXPLANATION.

At Tamanieb, we are told, OSMAN DIGNA's fierce  
hordes rushed out of the ravine where they had been  
lodged, as though they had been madmen. Probably they  
were—*ravine* madmen, poor fellows!

If it is a question of "Cremation v. Incrimination,"  
the possible poisoners will vote for Cremation.



### NO CHEESEPARINGS!

"AND 'OW ABOUT THE PERFORMERS FOR MY LADY'S CONCERT ON WEDNESDAY NEXT?"

"OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR GORGIOUS! I'VE GOT YOU SIX *FIRST VIOLINS*, FOUR *SECOND VIOLINS*, AND—"

"*SECOND VIOLINS BE 'ANGED!* I'LL 'AVE NONE BUT *FIRST FIDDLES* PERFORMING IN MY 'OUSE!"

### COMPANY MANNERS, OR A SOUTH-EASTERN DIFFICULTY.

THE *Kent Argus*, with its watchful eyes ever open, recently reported how a deputation appointed by the Dover Town Council interviewed the Joint Committee of the London, Chatham, and Dover and South-Eastern lines in order to obtain greater facilities of intercommunication between Shorncliffe and Margate.

MR. J. S. FORBES, the energetic Chairman of the London, Chatham, and Dover line, quite agreed with the Deputation, and said that his Company was in no way responsible, and that he for his part was ready to act in the most brotherly way towards Sir EDWARD WATKIN's line, if Sir WATKIN would only let him.

The Deputation wouldn't be put off by Lord BRABOURNE, who pleaded Sir WATKIN's absence on the Continent as a reason for not giving an immediate reply, but declared that if they did not receive a definite answer by Thursday the 20th they would appeal to Parliament.

The present state of the trains "in correspondence" between Ramsgate and Dover is a most perfect exemplification of "How not to do it" with as much show of "doing it" as possible.

The distance is something between seventeen and twenty miles. But anyone, staying at Ramsgate, and struck by the happy thought of running over to Dover and crossing to Calais and so on to Boulogne, just "to make a day of it," returning next morning, will meet with little encouragement from the two Companies whose lines are cast in such pleasant places, and who might sing with the Ethiopian minstrel—

### William Blanchard Jerrold.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

SON of DOUGLAS and friend of SHIRLEY,  
Punch must wing you a parting stave!  
Lay reluctant, since all too early,  
Spring's first wreath on an honoured grave.

Spring was with you in life's white winter,  
Genial friend with the cheery laugh;  
Ever ready a lance to splinter,  
Strong in tourney, or light in chaff.

Youthful ever and aye courageous,  
Men will miss you in hours of gloom,  
Pleasant comrade, whose mirth contagious  
Spread light laughter around the room.

Sure "storm-centres"—the human kind—are  
All too common on our dull earth;  
Souls like JERROLD's—more hard to find—are  
Haleyon "centres" of sunny mirth.

Hearty CRUIKSHANK and hapless DONÉ,  
Passed before him, would praise confirm  
Dealt to him who has told their story.  
Now his own has attained its term.

Clean as savour of honest wine is  
Every chapter, and friendship, fain  
Tearfully to inscribe its Finis,  
Lacks not pride to assuage its pain.

#### Daffodilatory Apology.

IN a case of daffodil-stealing heard at the Woolwich Police Court the other day, we read the following report of what the Magistrate said to the Prosecutor, whose property had been stolen:—

"MR. BALGUY: Last year when you told me that a few of these yellow flowers were worth three shillings, I disbelieved you, but I made inquiries and found that you were right. I am glad to have the opportunity of apologising."

It is hard to believe that the magisterial mind should take a year to find out the value of daffodils. But if the value had been discovered sooner, we cannot understand why the apology was not tendered earlier. However, it is better late than never, and it will probably have the effect of fixing the market value of daffodils in the neighbourhood of Abbey Wood.

PRETTY GIRL'S VERSION OF POPE.—"Beauty is drawn, dear, by a *Single Heir!*"

"O if we two could agree  
What a happy couple we should be!"

The Jaunty Tourist will naturally reason thus: "I am only seventeen miles from Dover: there is a direct line: the South-Eastern takes me from Ramsgate to Deal, the L. C. & D. from Deal to Dover, and as the L. C. & D.'s boats for Calais start from Dover Pier, evidently the trains will be so arranged as to enable passengers to catch the mail boat at 9'40, or the midday boat at 12; though, as I am off for an outing, the 9'40 will be better for me. Let me consult the Time Table of the two Companies. How convenient! What a sweet thing it is for Railway Companies to dwell in unity!" and forthwith he procures the Time Table.

First the Joyful Tourist looks for a through train from Ramsgate to Dover. "Ah!" he exclaims, "here it is—12'13—but stop!" and it suddenly occurs to him that, as the second and last boat of the day leaves Dover at 12, i.e., a quarter of an hour before he starts from Ramsgate, this won't do. Evidently the two Companies are of opinion that no one at Margate or Ramsgate can possibly want to start for Dover before 11'52 from the one place, and 12'13 from the other, or could have any kind of object in being in Dover before 1'45, and so this is the only direct through train in the morning, and 7'50 from Margate, 8'5 from Ramsgate arriving at Dover 9'36, is the only afternoon train.

Our Supposed Tourist, being up to his work and being able to pass a first-class exam. in *Bradshaw*, is not going to be beaten by such a difficulty as this, and being determined to get from Ramsgate to Dover in time for the morning boat at 9'40, he procures the S. E. Guide and the L. C. & D. Guide, and, like the gentleman who wrote on "Chinese metaphysics," he "combines the information."



## CONCLUSIONS!

*Pitman (to Dignitary of the Church).* "AU 'SE WAR'NT YE 'RE A POOR CURATE, NOO, TRAVELLIN' WI' THE LIKES O' HUZ!"

*Bishop (who thinks it right to travel Third Class occasionally).* "I ONCE WAS, MY FRIEND,—BUT——"

*Pitman (compassionately).* "AH!—I SEE—THAT WRETCHED DRINK!"

[Explanations!]

"Here you are!" he cries, joyfully, as the 8'25 train from Ramsgate catches his eye (which is about all this train is intended to catch). "Capital! only seventeen miles to Dover! we must be there by 9'20 and have twenty minutes to spare before embarking. Let me see——"

His countenance gradually falls as he examines the Time Table more and more attentively. This is the result.

The 8'25 from Ramsgate arrives at Deal at 9. So far so good. But "J'y suis, j'y reste" may be that traveller's motto as far as any getting to Calais by that mail-boat at 9'40 is concerned, as there is no train on to Dover till 10. This gives an hour to wait at Deal. The tourist will then arrive at Dover at 10'27, and he can go by the next boat, for which he will have an hour and a half to wait. Of course such an arrangement is admirably calculated to suit any one who wants to stop an hour at Deal and an hour and a half at Dover.

The 1'30 from Ramsgate arrives at Deal at 2'10 just in time to catch the 2'15 for Dover which arrives at 2'42, but this the traveller only accidentally hears of, as it doesn't seem to be advertised. Perhaps it is meant as a pleasant little surprise. Should he miss the surprise train, the traveller to Dover will have ample time to investigate the town of Deal, as he will have no chance of "getting any farther," until 4'18. This arrangement is favourable to the Tourist who wishes to remain in Deal for a couple of hours. The 6'50 P.M. from Ramsgate arrives at Deal at 7'30, just in time to miss the 7'15 from Deal to Dover. The 9'20 P.M. for Ramsgate arrives at Deal 10'5 just in time to miss the 10 o'clock train from Deal,—and then the Tourist is done.

Sunday brings some consolation for the Tourist. He can catch the early boat from Dover by starting from Ramsgate at 7. He will have fifty minutes to wait at Deal, where, as the refreshment-room won't be open, and no hotel is ready to receive visitors, he can spend his time in imagining what he might have had for breakfast if he had been compelled to wait this time while travelling abroad. He will be at Dover by 8'57, and here, perhaps, he may get some breakfast. At all events, as we believe the mail-boat goes at 9'40 A.M. as on week-days, he can catch that, when, perhaps, breakfast will be unnecessary. He can also catch the mid-day boat on Sundays very

comfortably by leaving Ramsgate at 9'45, and waiting only ten minutes at Deal, and reaching Dover at 11'12, when, as a *bond-fide* traveller, some hotel may consent to serve him with breakfast; but, on the other hand, they may not, or may be so slow in placing it on the table, that by the time it is there the hungry Tourist can only pour the coffee into a flask, put the rolls and butter in one pocket, the eggs-and-bacon into another, dash down five shillings, and rush off to the boat, which starts punctually at 12 to the minute.

Certainly the Representatives of Margate, Ramsgate, Dover and Shorncliffe have just cause of complaint, and as Mr. J. S. FORBES has declared plainly and emphatically that he is on the side of the complainants in the matter, it is to be hoped, in the interests of the travelling public, which after all are the true interests of both Companies, that Sir WATKIN will not be obdurate; that he will listen to the voice of reason; that he will like *Cox* embrace *Box* as his long-lost brother ("Have you an L. C. D. & S. E. marked on your arm?" "No! Then it is he!!"); and that then their "friends in front will be happy" "when," to quote Chairman FORBES, "there shall be frequent trains—ten each way per day—at reduced fares, in accordance with the terms of the letter sent to the Dover Corporation, a copy of which had been submitted to the S. E. Company."

Arrange this matter, Gentlemen, if you please, so that the much-vaunted Tourist residing at Margate or Ramsgate may be enabled to avail himself of your *Calais-Douvers* and your Mail and other Packet Service, and may not have to join in chorus, to the tune of "*The Whale*,"—

"But we did not catch that Mail, Brave boys,  
We did not catch that Mail!"

NATURALLY.—Prince BISMARCK declines to "play the Postman to his enemies." He doubtless considers that he is the Pillar of the State, not its Post.

GOOD PLACE FOR PEOPLE TO LIVE AT WHO 'DISLIKE RHINE WINES.—Anti-oh!





THE "BLACK WATCH."

(According to some French ideas on the subject of our Army Organisation.)

## SIGNOR MACBETTO, OR WITCH—IT ISN'T!

At the recent inaugural meeting of the Brand New Shakspeare Society considerable interest was aroused by the announcement that a preliminary lecture with the above significant title was to be delivered by the distinguished Italian tragedian who had just accepted the post of honorary Vice-President; and the gathering of members was therefore unusually large.

On Signor SALVINI taking his position on the platform, on which apparently to assist him in the illustration of his subject some extremely humorous pantomime heads, a clown's dress or two, a vampire trap, a life-sized and coloured plaster cast of a Scotchman taking snuff, and a few other necessary trifles were tastefully arranged, he said: He trusted that the worthy object he had in view, namely of proving to a British public that in the estimate they had formed of the great Thane whose character it would be his business to dissect and truthfully portray, they had hitherto been hopelessly abroad, had been already fairly indicated in his recent embodiment of the part on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre. But he would, as was his wont, delay no longer, but dash at once in *medias res*.

"Now," continued the distinguished lecturer, "what was the true basis of *Macbeth's* character?" He had no hesitation in saying it,—SHAKESPEARE meant his colossal human masterpiece to be a tremendous wag. The real explanation of all the Scottish Thane's portentous troubles was an overweening and unrestrained taste for practical joking. Take his entry upon the scene in Act 1. How does he come on? Walking about alone with *Banquo*, on a blasted heath,—preceded, an intensely humorous idea,—by some one with a drum. And what of the very first line he utters? It contains a regular poser for his companion.

"So foul and fair a day I have not seen,"

is the remark *Macbeth* makes to *Banquo*, who has evidently heard so much of this sort of inconsequent foolery all the morning, that he actually doesn't vouchsafe any reply to it, but, turning away, asks the Witches the way to Forres! And now about these Witches! It is true that they give *Macbeth* opportunities for introducing some of his very funniest business;—and one thing is clear from the text—they wear large pasteboard heads.

"Speak, if you can,"

says *Macbeth*, naturally enough taking them for Pantomime Supers—and doubting if they have been entrusted with a line. And then again, when they have got out a few words apiece, it is evident that they have delivered them

through the conventional hole in the chin, and necessarily with much indistinctness, for he continues—

"Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more."

There is, therefore, no room to doubt but that the Witches come in to the play for the purpose of getting what is technically called a good "screamer" or two out of it. And yet this question suggests itself to the conscientious Critic, who is going also to play *Macbeth*,—why should not *Macbeth* himself have got that laugh? In a word, did not SHAKESPEARE put the Witches in to oblige the Management, who had three heavy salaries doing nothing? and were not all their lines abstracted from the leading part in which they were originally written?

The more the matter is looked at in this light, the more it is evident. *Macbeth* must originally have had all the Witches' business, their lines, *Hecate's* song, description of cauldron, and, in fact, everything—in his part, and have told it as a good story to his friends, probably after supper, at the Banquet Scene. This alone would explain *Lady Macbeth's* manner to the guests, who have clearly been terribly bored with the recital, and are probably on the move in consequence.

"Think of this, good Peers,  
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time,"

she exclaims, apologetically—"He will do it," she seems to say, and when her talkative Lord, amidst boisterous guffaws of laughter, begins to catalogue the ingredients of the cauldron, and she finds she cannot manage to keep him quiet, with an impatient—

"Really—he grows worse and worse"

she dismisses the company.

Now this is so obvious, that I have, as I hinted, cut out all the Witch business, and restored the lines to their original place in the part of the leading Actor. Also, on the same definite principle, I have given him *Macduff's* best bits, by letting him tell the Doctor what he has heard *Macduff* has said to *Malcolm*. As to *Lady Macbeth* having that tremendous chance with the sleep-walking near the end—that is simply preposterous. That, together with a few other bits of hers here and there, I have absorbed as a matter of course, and it comes in capitally, the Messenger suddenly running in against *Macbeth*, who is going off with the celebrated—

"To bed, to bed, to bed!"

and waking him with a start, which gives excellent meaning to his otherwise inexplicable line,

"The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!"

But commentators would naturally ask, "How about the Ghost?" For that question he had a prompt reply. There was no Ghost to cut out. It was quite clear, as he had pointed out in another place, that SHAKESPEARE didn't like these supernatural tomfooleries, and that the Ghost in *Hamlet* was evidently tacked on to the Play by some Manager who had got the armour and the lime-light in the theatre, and would bring them in somehow—probably at Christmas-time. He always played *Hamlet* without the Ghost, and threw in all the lines of the latter into his advice to the Players, and they went capitally. The whole Scene was always a roar.

But to revert to the Ghost of *Banquo*. Could it be doubted for a moment that this was a practical joke of *Macbeth's*—one of his best—specially prepared to amuse his guests at the banquet? He had always taken this view of it, and at the recent representation of *Macbeth* at Covent Garden, he had done his best to give this idea its fullest expression. There he hoped he had made it quite clear that *Banquo* was no spirit, but a friend of the family who was "in the fun," and as fond of a joke as *Macbeth* himself. Till the appointed time he hides under the dinner-table. Surely the audience saw that? Then, when he does come through a trap, note the manner. A good ten-foot spring into the air brings him down into a sitting position on the stage, while a flap-trick on an adjacent column discloses the familiar legend,

## A RISE IN SPIRITS.

This did not act quite as perfectly as he could have wished at Covent Garden, the other evening, but still he trusted the intention was, in the main, obvious enough.

With regard to the other points, he was obliged to be brief; but he hoped that, by his taking a call in the Murder Scene, when covered with gore, he could be not only "bloody and bold," but "resolute" not to let the fun flag, through missing a chance of scoring with that master-secret of all humour, a fine sense of the incongruous.

But he was obliged to close his remarks, and he felt that he could not do so more appropriately than by saying that he trusted that, whatever might be the value of his attempt as a Shakespearian critic and interpreter not to lag behind the age, he might still be able to endorse his labours with the golden wisdom of the mighty Master himself, and write over them his own immortal line—

"NOT BEFORE THE BARD!"

### VERY TRYING.

*A Record of a few Trials of Patience.*

#### NO. VIII.—DECREASE OF CRIME.

ON the LORD MAYOR taking his seat at the Mansion House, Mr. NOWAL, the Chief Clerk, addressing his Lordship said: It is with much pleasure, my Lord, that I have to inform your Lordship that there is not a single night-charge this morning for hearing. There are no remanded cases, and not one summons. According to the ancient custom, my Lord, it devolves upon me to present your Lordship with a pair of white kid gloves.



Mr. Joelard.

The LORD MAYOR, addressing Mr. NOWAL, said: The announcement of this fact is far more satisfactory to me than my powers of expression will admit. Nothing can be so agreeable to one who has to administer justice than the news of decrease in crime. It would be a matter of great interest to me, if you, Mr. NOWAL, will kindly look over last year's books, and let me

know how many charges were brought before my predecessor on this very day last year. We can then make a good comparison, and note to what extent crime has decreased.

Mr. NOWAL, the Chief Clerk, then left the Court for the purpose.

Mr. JOELARD (from Whitehall), courteously addressing his Lordship said: May I be permitted, your Lordship—

The Lord Mayor. Are you about to make some observations respecting Mr. NOWAL's observations?

Mr. Joelard (politely). No, your Lordship; I was about—

The Lord Mayor. Then I cannot hear you just now. I am expecting Mr. NOWAL's return every moment.

Mr. Joelard (with gentle persistence). But it's most urgent—

The Lord Mayor. Now, do pray not to interrupt. I will hear you presently.

Mr. NOWAL, the Chief Clerk, returned into Court, and said: I have examined the books, your Lordship, and find that this exact day last year fell on a Sunday, on which day, of course, as your Lordship is aware, the Court does not sit.

The Lord Mayor. Let me see. It would scarcely be fair to judge by any other day. I think, Mr. NOWAL, the better plan would be to examine the books on this day (the seventeenth) two years ago.

Mr. NOWAL said: He thought his Lordship's suggestion was most excellent, and left the Court for the necessary examination of the books.

Mr. Joelard (amiably). My Lord, as the Chief Clerk may be some time—

The Lord Mayor. Really, Sir, you have admitted that your application is not concerning the present matter, and I cannot hear you until it is disposed of. These statistics respecting the decrease of crime are of immense public importance. I will hear you, as I before remarked, by-and-by.

Mr. NOWAL returned into Court, and, addressing the LORD MAYOR, said: A careful examination of the books has been made, my Lord, with a result that I am certain will be exceedingly satisfactory to your Lordship. On this corresponding day two years ago, there were not only two night charges (one of drunkenness, and one of begging), but there was also an important remand; a charge, preferred by a mistress against her servant, of stealing a postage-stamp.

The Lord Mayor. This is very gratifying. An immense decrease of crime has been clearly shown, and what is so flattering to me, is to think that such an event should have occurred during my year of Lord Mayoralty. I take this opportunity of thanking you, Mr.

NOWAL, for your valuable assistance, and the Bar, the Reporters, and the Police, for their courtesy.

Mr. NOWAL, the Chief Clerk, acknowledged the compliment paid to him by the LORD MAYOR in a few well-chosen words, and then handed his Lordship a pair of white kid gloves, according to the usual custom.

Mr. Joelard. May I now, my Lord—

The Lord Mayor (with considerable severity). Pray do not interrupt me, Sir. I was about to observe, Mr. NOWAL, when I was, as you no doubt noticed, rudely interrupted, that I should like to make a suggestion, in case a similar occasion to this should occur, and I heartily hope it will, for the Public's sake. The suggestion is, that lavender kid gloves should be presented instead of white. I know this is a departure from ancient custom, but one ought to go with the times, and, as you are doubtless aware, white kid gloves are a little out of fashion now.

Mr. NOWAL thanked his Lordship for the suggestion, and the proceedings terminated.

Mr. Joelard. May I now be permitted to address your Lordship?

The Lord Mayor (having received a hint from Mr. NOWAL, who had just recognised Mr. JOELARD). Most certainly. I beg your pardon, I am sure. (Much bowing.) I have not had the pleasure of seeing you here before.

Mr. Joelard (returning salutes courteously). I am exceedingly sorry to have interrupted your Lordship, but my application is indeed very urgent. Has your Lordship fixed any time for the hearing of the Dynamite Case to-day?

The Lord Mayor. Dynamite Case? To-day? There must be some mistake. There is neither charge nor remand to-day—not even a summons.

Mr. Joelard. I am afraid not. Eight men have been arrested within the last quarter-of-an-hour at the "Eagle and Dove" public-house over the road. They are at the Station now—the charge is being entered against them at this moment. They will be brought over at once almost.

The Lord Mayor. But you said Dynamite Case.

Mr. Joelard. Yes, Sir. Four cans, with fuses attached, were found in their possession, corresponding precisely with the can found on FINNIGEN.

The Lord Mayor. FINNIGEN. Who is FINNIGEN?

Mr. Joelard. He is charged with an attempt to blow up your Lordship.

The Lord Mayor. What?

Mr. Joelard. He was found, my Lord, twenty minutes ago, in the room situated immediately below your Lordship's seat, with a can and a fuse attached—

[The Court suddenly adjourned.]

### ALL OF A SOUDAN;

*Or, the Corsican Brothers' Rapid Intelligence Delivery Outdons.*

SCENE—A Battle-field thousands of miles from England. TIME—Ten minutes after the final Charge of the British Army. Wounded Officer left in charge of his Soldier Servant.

Officer. There, my man, you heard what the Surgeon said—keep quiet, and I shall be all right in a fortnight.

Servant. Yea, Sir, that's it. But you must keep quiet.

Officer. A difficult task, my man. Had I the use of this hand—were I not wounded—I would write to the dear ones at home, and describe to them the stirring events of the last three-quarters of an hour. I would tell them how we, after sleeping all night within a stone's-throw of the rebel entrenchment, rose at the sound of the bugle, how we fell into our places silently, how we got into a formation, how we advanced in echelon, how we formed square.

Servant. Don't worry yourself now, Sir.

Officer. But I would like to tell them this, and more. I would describe to them the scene you and I witnessed not twenty minutes ago—the Charge, the Victory, the incidents of the Battle, fights for the Standard, hand-to-hand encounters, spears against bayonets, Martini-Henrys answered by Remingtons! Oh! would that I could tell them all this!

Servant (soothingly). If you wish, Sir, perhaps I could take the despatch. If I started at once, I could get to London in ten days.

Officer (changing his tone). What am I thinking of? I must be off my head! I had forgotten the marvels of modern Science. They will know all this—and at once. By the time—that is to say ten minutes hence—when you have got me comfortably tucked up in the Ambulance Tent, my relatives in London will have been supplied with all the details of our victory!

[And he was right: for, thanks to the telegraph and the Daily Press, that morning's news from the Sudan arrived in London with that morning's breakfast-roll!]

THE HOAX AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A little Peril and a good Lesson.



“SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI!”

“BY THE WAY, DUCHESS, SUPPOSING THAT WE DO SUCCEED IN GETTING THE HOUSE OF LORDS ABOLISHED THIS SESSION, WON'T IT BE A GREAT BLOW TO THE DUKE?”

“YES, IF HE EVER HEARS OF IT; BUT I SHAN'T TELL HIM, YOU KNOW!”

POOR JACK.

(Very Latest Version.)

Go, patter to PALMER and GREEN, d'ye see,  
 'Bout danger to trade, and the like,  
 A Bill fair and square to all parties give me,  
 And I don't see the rocks we need strike.  
 Though the Trade like a tempest roar, thunder, and smite,  
 And would shiver our JOE, if they could,  
 When the storm clears away, we shall find him all right,  
 With as much of his Bill as is good.  
 Avast! nor don't think him a milkop so soft,  
 By hard words to be taken aback,  
 No; he'll still play the Providence perched up aloft,  
 To keep watch o'er the life of poor JACK!  
 I've heard the Shipowners palaver away  
 About harassing, insult, and such,  
 And M.P.'s lots of lingo they coil and belay,  
 'Bout as much to the point as High Dutch.  
 They say that if vessels still founder at sea,  
 The “average”—that's it—gets low,  
 And a many fine things, as prove plainly to me  
 There are some of 'em not “in the know.”  
 But although I don't want to be ranked as a soft,  
 It is pleasant to know for a fact,  
 That a sweet little—CHAMBERLAIN—sits up aloft  
 To keep watch o'er the life of poor JACK!  
 I says to our POLL, when she asked me for why  
 They were making this shine about me,  
 “I do not know much about in-dem-ni-ty,  
 But I do know what happens at sea.  
 Overloading's a fact, howsoever they squall,  
 And unseaworthy hulks do leave shore,  
 And if to Old Davy I must go, dear POLL,  
 Let it be level luck and no more.

Whilst my loss is some shipowner's gain—as 'tis oft—

I've less chance, POLL, to come safely back;  
 So I'm glad that JOE CHAMBERLAIN sits up aloft  
 To keep watch o'er the life of poor JACK.”

D'ye mind me a sailor from risk shouldn't flinch  
 If 'tis met in a seaworthy ship,  
 And I guess we can all of us prove at a pinch  
 That at danger we won't hang a lip;  
 But Coffins are crafts which more danger attends  
 Than from duty, met manfully, springs;  
 Maybe no one's to blame, but there's some of JACK's “friends”  
 Have been parties to precious rum things.  
 The Bill may want mending, our JOE should go soft,  
 Yet by blasts not be taken aback,  
 And I'm glad such a cherub still sits up aloft  
 To look out a good berth for poor JACK.

Mr. Irving in America.

(Special Telegram.)

“At the conclusion of the performance of *Hamlet*, Mr. IRVING and the principal performers were wellnigh smothered in wreaths and bouquets. It was in fact, as a noted *gourmet* remarked, who happened to be present, a *Hamlet aux fines herbes*.”

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM is going to the Artistic Fancy Ball at the Royal Waterworks Exhibition, Piccadilly, in May. She has been told, she says, that the cheapest dress, and the one in which there is the least chance of her being recognised, is that of Annie Domino, with a half-mast on her face. But then, she asks, can that be comfortable?

“VESTED Interests” stigmatise Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Shipping Bill as “reckless.” So do we; only we spell it with a “w,” and speak of it as an Any-amount-of-wreck-less Bill?





“THE CHERUB!”

“THERE’S A SWEET LITTLE CHAMBERLAIN SITS UP ALOFT,  
TO KEEP WATCH FOR THE LIFE OF POOR JACK!”



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## TAMANIEB.

MARCH 13, 1884.

AFTER that rain of bullets in the night,  
Borne silently, they welcomed morning's light  
Those men of GRAHAM'S. Hard indeed to stand  
That lead-hail pattering on the parched sand  
Midst the prone, sleepless soldiers. Now the day  
Heralds fierce conflict. An heroic fray  
As ever the unchanging Desert saw  
Since RAMESES, swift as the tracked lion's claw,  
Smote his encircling foemen! Like a flood  
The spearmen rolled, dyeing with ready blood  
The thirsting sands, and like a ridge of rock  
The Black Watch breasted the repeated shock  
Of the wild Arabs, fierce as wind-lashed surge.  
But that gay'd flank! In vain sharp shoutings urge  
The stragglers up. What! wavering, broken, forced  
That line, our hope? The hot blood must have coursed  
Madly through many veins. Yet nerve can school  
Quick pulse to steadiness, and, sternly cool,  
BULLER is there to head the rally. Then  
Ill fares it with that horde of desert men  
So vainly valiant, sweeping down to death  
Like wheat swath that before a swift wind's breath  
Boweth toward the sickle.

Once again  
The British flag flies free amidst the slain,  
Our slain, alas! too many. At what cost  
The vantage here was won! not to be lost,  
If England's voice have power, by faltering will  
Or fiction-muddled fancy. GRAHAM'S skill  
And BULLER'S coolness, with the valour keen  
Of English fighters, Soldier or Marine,  
Matched with such worthy foes, must not in vain  
Mark the right watchword, "Rescue and Remain!"

## SPORTING NOTES.

(From a Pleasant Point of View.)

## THE TURF.

LISTS of betting on the Spring Handicaps are now to be read in the papers, but those of my readers who are not positive candidates for

the suffrages of the governing body of the Earlwood Asylum for Idiots must know that these lists are in the main fictitious swindles. Looking over the Tyler's Hill Handicap, for instance, I see that *Gillie*, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb. is favourite. Why? The money reported to be invested on him cannot be that of the public, for the public has never seen *Gillie* on a race-course, and inordinate ass as the public undeniably is, it is not quite yet so demented as to back an animal of which nothing is known. The money reported to be invested is not that of the owner, for it is the most patent fact in the Turf world that Colonel DE PROSPERO is so notoriously hard up, and has behaved so badly whenever he has had a chance, that not one single bookmaker



Going to the Dogs; or, the last Meet of the Season.

will trust him for anything beyond half-a-crown ready money, and if he were a wise bookmaker he would test the genuineness of that before booking the bet. The stable connections are as equally beggarly thieves as the Colonel, and nobody would ever accuse the trainer of backing a horse under his charge. He has made what money he has by laying against those horses he has trained, more especially if they have been favourites.

I pass over *Highflyer*, *The Masher*, *Kingsgate*, *Dumpton*, and *Pegwell Bay*, as I am now discussing racehorses and their merits, and not the possibility of there being a glut of glue in the market before the season is over. *Hoola-Hoola* is being well backed, and it is said by the owner; but, of course, those who know the owner the best will, like myself, believe what he says the least. 6st. 9lb. is a very light weight for a 5-year-old, and in favour of this horse it must be said that each time he ran last year he was roped in such a shameless and open manner, that but for the fact that the punishment would have had to include some prominent members of the Jockey Club, both *Hoola-Hoola's* trainer, owner, and jockey would have been warned off the Turf for life. *The Gull*, 5 yrs. (4st.) is the property of a sportsman who—as far as is known—is a perfectly straightforward nobleman, and he has engaged ASCOT HEATH to ride, a fact which weighs much with the public. Undeniably, A. HEATH is a consummate horseman, but he has acquired £30,000 within the

last ten years, a fact which indubitably proves that his powers of thieving are equal to his riding. If winning will suit HEATH, from a pecuniary point of view, better than losing, why *The Gull* is certain to be first past the post; but as I have every reason to know that he has already been squared by a very wealthy bookmaker—NIMROD JEHU to wit—who knows too much about HEATH's former robberies to be left in the lurch by him, I shall throw over *The Gull*, and plump for

## SOUTH FORELAND

who is very well treated indeed. I know that he belongs to a confederacy who would break into a church if they could, but I also know that so unfortunate were they last year, that unless they win a race very soon, and *South Foreland* is quite good enough a horse to do it, there is no alternative for them but the gaol or the workhouse.

By the death of Mr. NEWS KUT, the Ring has lost one of its most prominent members. He was a man who played the great game. He was tolerably honest in his business, and in private life was much beloved by his wife, who died in a Temperance Retreat some years ago, and by his son, who, however, went utterly wrong, and is at present either at Chatham or Dartmoor. The deceased's liberal gifts of coals and meat and beer and blankets to the poor of his native town will be bitterly missed by them next Christmas. Mr. NEWS KUT's first start on the Turf was as a Welsher—he was severely hurt at Hampton thirty years ago—having originally been a Waiter in a City Chop-house.

## BOATING.

THE Oxbridge crew has been doing its usual work this week, and precious hard work it has been. An eight from a girl's school would beat our lot this year with such men as No. 4 and No. 7 rowing. This fact is transparent to all, but it is equally well known that No. 4 is the President's cousin, and that No. 7 intends to give up rowing after this race, and devote himself to playing, for very high stakes, of which he has plenty, *loo*, *écarté*, and other games of chance or skill of which he knows absolutely nothing. If our lot win, the others had better make a bonfire of their boat and oars.

The Camford eight has been getting through steady work this week, and as steadily going from bad to worse, and at their present rate of progression bid fair by the day of the race to be able to make no headway at all unless assisted by a powerful steam-tug. No. 2, although ostensibly conforming to training regulations, has taken to secret drinking, which accounts for his inability to give any practical help to the boat. No. 5, who was a good man once, now, so his skip informs me, hangs a curtain over his fire-place, and smokes six or seven pipes of strong tobacco up his chimney every night. If our crew win, the grateful onlookers might afford a speedy and public funeral to our opponents.

The sculling match between JOBBER and young FLASHY, to come off next Tuesday, still engrosses attention in the low publichouses of Hammersmith, and among the riparian thieves who interest themselves in aquatics. Both men are fit, but what is more to the purpose is that young FLASHY's backers have offered £90 to JOBBER to lose. JOBBER, however, holds out for £100. If he gets it, he will of course be well beaten; but, if his terms are not acceded to, it is 100 to 1 on him, as he is as much in front of young FLASHY as a fire-engine is faster than a four-wheeled cab.

## PIGEON-SHOOTING.

THE match for £100 a-side at twenty-five pigeons, at twenty-seven yards rise, between Mr. "BOPPER" and Mr. "DOPPEL" is fairly puzzling backers, and I confess that I cannot put my finger on the winner. Both stand as nearly on the same mark as possible, and Mr. "BOPPER" is training on "poker," *écarté*, the Theatres, and continual suppers at well-known restaurants in the Strand and Regent Street. This, in great measure, puts him out of court, and, indeed, when I last saw him, he was as chippy as a man could wish to be. Mr. "DOPPEL" is as fit as a two-year old, but, on the other hand, can't get his money on at his own price, and his powers of missing "owls," when the market doesn't suit him, are only too well known to his infatuated backers. With neither man up to the present "on the job," it is impossible for me to select a winner.

## COURSING.

A VERY curious *contretemps* brought the Zed meeting to a close on Tuesday week. Mr. ARMSTRONG'S *Appy-go-Lucky* and Mr. D. E. SEVER'S *Destiny* were left in the final tie for the Zed Cup, and betting ruled at guineas to pounds on *Destiny*. When slipped, it was at once seen that something was wrong, and the running of two such well-known dogs was derisively cheered by the crowds assembled. After an undecided, they were returned to the slips, but before nighting Puss, *Appy-go-Lucky* fell down dead, and the Cup and stakes were awarded to *Destiny*. After a wrangle, an investigation was instituted, and it transpired that both owners had, previous to the final, indulged their own dogs in huge meals. By winning the Zed Cup, Mr. D. E. SEVER is reported ruined; and his not settling conclusively proves what a heavy commission he had executed in favour of his opponent's dog.

## WOLSELEY'S SOLILOQUY.

(Extract from a Tragedy of the Time.)

"Our Only General" loquitur—  
FAREWELL! a long farewell to  
my sole greatness!  
Such is the state of Soldiers;  
all to-day  
And nothing—by comparison  
—to-morrow!  
I bore unblushing honours  
thick upon me,  
But this looks like what slang-  
ists call "a frost,"  
Which at the moment when I  
thought full surely  
My Onliness was ripening,  
nips it coldly,  
And others rise, as I did. I  
have risen,  
Like a light-burdened hodman  
up a ladder  
Of easy steps, to the house-  
top of glory  
Far beyond others' flight: my  
high-paced pride  
Now stumbles under me, and  
I am left,  
Loved little by the Service, to  
the mercy  
Of a rude Press that loves to  
chaff and chide me.  
Vain pomp and point of epi-  
gram I hate ye!  
Field-guns, indeed! They stuck  
in style most wretched  
At my Tel-el-Kebir, but For-  
tune favours  
GRAHAM, who wins her smile,  
which he aspires to.  
El Teb, Tamanieb! Ah! Mis-  
chief seems brewing.  
I feel such pangs as pretty  
women have  
When, touched by age, they  
fall, like Lucifer, they  
Never to shine again!

Is the False Prophet to be  
trusted when he gives us any  
information as to the "Dark  
Races"?

## PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 177.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GERALD GRAHAM, R.E., V.C., K.C.B.,

OUR T'OTHEREST GENERAL.

LENTEN FARE; OR, AS  
WE'D LIKE IT.

TITUS oats for clamorous Celt,  
Curried cockscombs and  
roast bear  
'Neath the ultra-Tories' belt;  
For the MAHDI feet of hare,  
Peppered freely à l'Anglaise;  
For the KHEDIVE a green maze;  
Such were fit, your Poet says,  
Lenten Fare.

Ferryuginous, fair France,  
Is the diet keeps you spare;  
Chinese mare's-nest soup, and  
chance  
Tonquin beans dished up by  
GUERRE.

Bills of fare con with less zest,  
Grand Old Man; a little rest  
Might perhaps turn out your  
best

Lenten Fare.

## A MYSTERIOUS CALLING.

WE read in the *Era*—

WANTED, a Good HAND-  
SELLER; also a Watch-  
maker; if can handseil preferred.  
—Apply, stating salary required.

Now, what is a "Hand-  
seller"? According to dic-  
tionaries and general accepta-  
tion, to handseil is to "use  
anything for the first time."  
Now, we imagine the salary  
required would depend very  
much upon what was to be  
handseiled. Supposing you  
were desired to handseil a fifty-  
pound note, your friend's best  
silk umbrella, some "Thirty-  
four Port, or a box of su-  
perb Intimidads, it might be  
very pleasant. But it would  
be a very different matter if  
you were requested to handseil  
an unbroken horse, a pair of  
tight boots, or a new meer-  
schaum pipe. Of course, all  
these things should be con-  
sidered in the remuneration.

## FATHER THAMES IN DANGER.

It is certainly high time some responsible body looked after the  
welfare of Father Thames. If the Thames Conservancy have not  
the ability or the power to do it, by all means let it be placed in the  
hands of those who have not only skill but discretion. The rights of  
riparian owners should be rigidly inquired into. Frequently their  
only rights arise from putting up a threatening notice-board, marking  
land that has been filched from the River, "Private," and placing  
bars and chains across backwaters.

Those who know the Thames well could point to many secluded  
spots, belonging as much to the Public as any bye-way turning out  
of Bond Street, which have been unceremoniously converted into  
private property. An instance has even been known of a man who,  
by planting withys in the Thames, eventually established a little  
island, which he claimed as his private property.

Mr. Punch is glad to find the House of Commons is about to give  
some attention to this subject. He hopes the matter of ferries,  
towpaths, backwaters, and landing-places will be fully discussed,  
and at the same time he trusts something will be done to control the  
vagaries of the "river roughs," who land in private gardens, who  
bathe at mid-day in front of respectable dwelling-places, who come  
in crowds in steam-launches, and make the quiet reaches of the  
Upper Thames hideous with their drunkenness, their vulgar music-  
hall songs, and their blasphemy. There is plenty of work for real,  
capable, energetic Conservators of the Thames to do; and if they  
cannot or will not do it, Mr. Punch will have to find someone who can.

INTELLECTUAL SURFKIT.—Consequence of Cram: Crambe repetita.

## THE METEING OF THE WATERS.

THERE is not, in the Session, a joke so complete  
As the sight when the Tories and Turtlemen meet  
In conflict direct about Water-Supply,  
And when RANDY to FOWLER gives "one in the eye."

That double-chinn'd joker, great HARCOURT, must shake  
As COOPE the Conservative benches doth rake  
With his verbal stern-chasers; acidulous FIRTH  
Must be moved to a Mephistophelian mirth.

Oh, it must be some aly compensation, if alight,  
For delay of their Measure, to witness the fight  
'Twixt the old Corporation, their long-threatened foe,  
And those bad Water Companies, equally so.

The Municipal Bill may be under a cloud,  
But to hear cheeky CHURCHILL demanding aloud  
What's the use of an Alderman, verily, this  
Must mitigate bile by one moment of bias.

The meteing of waters may be a small point,  
When they hold the whole City is quite out of joint;  
But this pleasant reflection must comfort their breast,  
"When rogues tumble out,"—well, the world knows the rest!

NEW NAME FOR IT.—The Merchant Shipping Bill to be known  
as "CHAMBERLAIN'S New Apparatus for Saving Life at Sea."  
Admirable invention! We're afraid it's just a bit overweighted,  
but "Partner JOE" can soon set that right.





# PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: NO. 5: "SUPPLY." THE DINING ROOM

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM  
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 10.—More of "want to know, you know," about Government policy in Egypt. "Politics in the House of Commons moulded on fashion of one of those stupid music-hall songs which always end with catchpenny refrain," says JOHN MORLEY. "An infinite succession of verses more or less heavy and always the line, 'What's your policy in Egypt?'"

GEORGE HAMILTON took a turn to-night. Tried to be vivacious. Couldn't be done. Essayed to be venomous. Too late; been done score of times before. Great success of evening GRAND CROSS, that ponderously wise, profoundly intelligent, supremely lucid personage. "Don't know anybody," says RANDOLPH, "who looks so wise as CROSS, and is so foolish."

SIR RICHARD more than ever himself to-night, spectacled, spasmodic, severe, superfluous, his modicum of meaning feebly struggling through wilderness of words.

"You will not," he said, angrily tapping the table, and surveying through his spectacles the shrinking form of HARTINGTON on other side,—"You will not allow one single Minister to say a word, or to have any power in the Cabinet, unless you allow him to do so, and then you say that that is what you will not do."

Seriously, this is not a joke. Took down the words as they were uttered and simply make transcript. Only sample of scores of sentences which, addressing House towards midnight, GRAND CROSS drops on astonished floor. Delivered with angry earnestness, enforced by forefinger shaken at Treasury Bench, they sound singularly impressive. WATSON loudly cheers. "Yah, Yah, YAH!" cries the LORD MAYOR, and looks round at Liberals as who should say, "There now, what do you think of that? There's force, clearness, and judgment! Let's see some of your fellows beat that." Still when we get the words written out on paper meaning seems a little hazy.

FORSTER to the front again, more candid than usual, honester than ever.

"We're wrong I know," says HARCOURT, humbly. "Curious thing is that we have never been right since FORSTER left us. Used to agree. Up to difficulty with Ireland, FORSTER one of us; shared our counsels, defended our acts when attacked. Then comes the day he leaves us, and never since have we in one single instance been right. Odd, but too true."

Business done.—Debate on Policy in Egypt collapsed. Votes for military expenditure agreed to.

Tuesday.—TENNYSON, having been called early this morning, got down to House at four o'clock. Never saw a man more dejected.

"Are they going to hang your Lordship?" I asked, as he placed a hot and nerveless hand on my paw.

"No," he said, wearily, "they're only going to swear me in. Done my best to get out of it. Tell you a secret, if you won't mention it. You know story about theft of my robes? All nonsense. Fact is, reading the *Ingoldsby Legends* the night after clothes came home from tailor's. Happy thought occurred to me. Got up, went into the garden, dug hole, and buried clothes. You'll find them, TOBY, when I am gone, under the oak-tree on the right-hand side, after taking the left turning from my Castle-gate. Was told couldn't take seat unless I put on dressing-gown of dirty red, slashed with ermine. Argal, if I hadn't got 'em, couldn't take my seat. No use. Put up my back against buying new suit. Said state of Copyright Law in America wouldn't justify the expense. Then came half-a-dozen offers of loans. COLERIDGE importunate. Put it off as long as I could. No use, and here I am."

Tried to cheer him up. Offered him cigar. Pressed glass of sherry wine upon him. Proposed to read *Maud*. Nothing would do.

"They're coming for me," he said, with a slight shudder. "I hear their footsteps in the hall."

In the House, scene affected me to tears. Contrast the greater between Poet-Laureate's pale pained face, drooping figure, and slow gait, with Duke of ARGYLL's cock-a-whoop stride. Good deal of hobnobbing goes on on these occasions. Poor TENNYSON taken first to one Bench, then to another, finally to LORD CHANCELLOR, who shakes his hand, and whispers to him to cheer up.

"May I go now?" was all TENNYSON answered, with difficulty restraining the flood of tears the like of which had not shamed his manhood for half a century.

"Yes, take him away," said SELBORNE, himself not unaffected. So he slipped out into the robing-room, and ARGYLL helped him to strip himself of his borrowed plumes.

"Cheer up, old Chappie," said THE McCULLUM MORE. "Nobody ate you, or wants to."

TENNYSON turned on him glance of withering scorn.

"Vex not thou the Poet's mind  
With thy shallow wit;  
Vex not thou the Poet's mind,  
For thou canst not fathom it."

With these words he strode forth, and, calling a fourwheeler, made off to the railway-station.

Business done.—In Commons, threw out Metropolitan Water Bill, passed Parks Bill, appointed Select Committee to inquire into question of Preservation of Thames, and went home at eight o'clock, having done more business than on any single night in preceding portion of Session.

Wednesday.—Live and learn. Mr. ELTON, just elected for West

Somerset, introduced new Parliamentary custom. Hitherto been habit to make one maiden speech. This afternoon ELTON made four. On most charming subjects, too—Copyhold Emfranchisement, Registration, Old Cemeteries, and Commons and Enclosure Acts. ELTON a big man; might perhaps claim to make two maiden speeches, or at least one-and-a-half, against average Member. But four, excessive; and still not satisfied.

"Dear me!" he said, when at quarter to six the usual Wednesday *clôture* came, and Members rapidly dispersed. "What's the matter? Not going home yet, eh? Lot more Bills on the Orders. Another speech or two ready. What's the use of going so early?" Left speaking. *Business done.*—Various.

*Thursday.*—Never thought RAMSAY could get so much expression into his face. Mingled surprise and inquiry, not untouched by horror and shame. House laughed whilst he was speaking. Was it possible? Had he unawares made a joke? An honest man, RAMSAY. Wouldn't do anything wrong for the world; yet how powerless is good intent against accident!

"I don't see anything in this for amusement," he said, pausing and looking round with seared face, whereat the House laughed again, and RAMSAY gave it up.

"Can't do with frivolity, TONY," he said to me, afterwards, "and this Comyttee rather given to it. Have sat here for ten years. Often heard men about me cackling and sometimes roaring with laughter. Like to know things. Have earnestly inquired what they were laughing at. Never could see it. I'm a plain business man and like serious conversation in print or speech. Always read your Diary. No frivolous there. Nothing but good plain facts, some of them new and curious. In the House like to hear TALBOT speak, and SCLATER-BOOTH and DODSON. Good strong meat. No kickshaws like that young popinjay Lord RANDOLPH serves up. Wonder the House tolerates him. Glad you don't think I was funny just now. Gave me awful shock when I heard House laughing."

TIM HEALY pretty lively to-night. Accuses TREVELYAN of being the nephew of Lord MACAULAY and trying to hang innocent men. JOSEPH GILLIS applauds. HEALY getting a little blown after the eleventh speech. Windbag SIXTON gallantly comes to his assistance. Harangues for about an hour, whilst he accuses the Irish Government of "a policy of lying," and "by stealthy, tricky, cruel, and cowardly means throwing into gaol harmless men"—like JOE BRADY and his colleagues. All this it appears is in order. At least Chairman interferences only once, when TIM persisted in describing TREVELYAN as concerned in conspiracy to murder. At Two o'clock in the morning CHILDERS reminds Committee that there is business to do, so set to work and sat all night. *Business done.*—Votes in Supply.

*Friday.*—Though RAMSAY doesn't joke, our new SPEAKER does sometimes, in quiet way. Just now ONSLOW up, with serious complaint. Seems he's been making vicious attack on BAXTER in secret as he thought. Got in the papers. ONSLOW ponderously indignant. "Drat them papers!" says he. "Why can't people be content with their *Tizer*? Never read anything else myself."

"The Member for Onslow," the SPEAKER called him, taking rapid account of fact that he doesn't represent anybody else. "And a very stupid constituency, too," said Sir WILFRID.

*Business done.*—House determines to talk to-night, and work to-morrow. So Saturday Sitting arranged for.

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Now that we have cut down our Army Estimates so as to allow for one regiment of the Line and half a battery of old Artillery, and have decided not to refit our three worn-out iron-clads, perhaps the Education Rate will not be felt quite so heavily.

My dear, be sure and remember to tell ELIZA to give us *only* boiled cabbages and batter pudding for dinner to-day. There are the boys' Coptic Lexicons still to be paid for.

The notion of erecting a small Lunatic Asylum in connection with each Board School, for the accommodation of children unable to stand the strain of the enlarged curriculum, indicates much foresight on the part of the Board.

It is painful to have to tell SAMMY—who is such a clever boy, and knows the word for "starvation" in sixteen different languages—that there is nothing in the cupboard for breakfast to-morrow morning, except the Collector's "Final application" for the amount of the School-Board Rate.



#### A MARCH HARE'S LAMENT.

"DEAR ME! SO SORRY! NO MORE HARRIERS FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS."

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DUET, by Mr. Treasurer FILLUP and Mr. Secretary CLOYED—

"We know a Bank, but we haven't much there."

J. DIDDLEB.

PART SONG AND CHORUS, by the Members of the Executive Committee—

"Do you think we haven't got our little game?  
If you do, perhaps you think we work for fame.  
Is it likely? Is it likely? Oh, dear no!  
Is it likely? Is it likely? Oh, dear no!"

SONG, by Mr. VERITY GRANT—

"I dreamt that I dwelt in the Companies' Halls,  
With Aldermen drunk by my side!"

TRIO, by the Three Solemn Leaguers—

"I once was a Member of Parliament,  
And had two thousand a year."

PUNCH.

RECITATION, by Professor THOROLD MANNERS, M.P.—

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility."

SHAKESPEARE.

COMIC SONG, by Sir JOHN DENNETT—

"I think for one I know the time of day,  
Tiddle-e-um!  
And which side of a question best will pay,  
Tiddle-e-um!"

SCENE from *Macbeth*, by the Three Solemn Leaguers—

"When shall we three meet again?  
When at Guildhall we shall reign;  
When the burly-burly's done,  
When our good berths we have won!"

PUNCH.

GLEE, by the Principals—

"Uprouse ye then, my merry, merry men,  
'Twill soon be Quarter-Day."

CHORUS—

"Let's blow our trumpets loudly."

WOKKY.

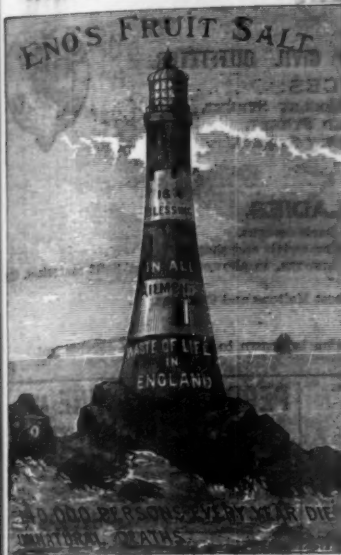
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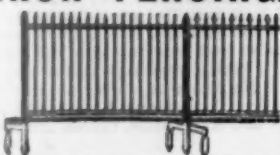
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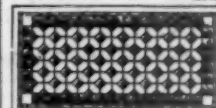
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